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Neglected Arabia



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DR. JAMES CANTINE



DR. S. M. ZWEMER

NEGLECTED ARABIA

Twenty-Fifth
Anniversary
Campaign
Number

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The Arabian Mission depends for its support and the extension of its work, not on the treasury of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America, though under its care and administration, but upon contributions specifically made for this purpose. The churches, societies and individuals subscribing are not confined to the Reformed Church. Members of other denominations are among its supporters and its missionaries. Regular gifts and special donations are invited from all who are interested in Mission work in Arabia. Regular contributors will receive quarterly letters and annual reports, without application. All contributions, or applications for literature or information, should be sent to "THE ARABIAN MISSION," 25 East 22d Street, New York.

Neglected Arabia

Missionary News and Letters

Published Quarterly by

THE ARABIAN MISSION

The Arabian Campaign

Four considerations unite to make this an obviously opportune time for a campaign in the interest of the Arabian Mission.

1. *It has just completed a quarter of a century of heroic pioneer work. Nearly a generation has passed since the founders of the Mission awakened that deep interest in Arabia which the original patrons of the enterprise have so loyally maintained. Twenty-five years have thinned the ranks of these generous supporters of the work, and a new generation of patrons needs to be won to take their places.*

2. *The world-war now in progress has already made political changes in Arabia which will assist greatly the work in fields already occupied and will open territory in the interior hitherto closed. This door of opportunity is at last unlocked. We should enter it with new missionaries and enlarged equipment.*

3. *It so happens that the regular or deferred furloughs of a large number of our Arabian missionaries fall upon this year, so that we have now at home more representatives of our work in Arabia than we are likely to have again in many years. Among these is Dr. Cantine, one of the three original founders of the Mission.*

4. *The need of increased financial support of the work has become urgent. The Mission has gradually and unavoidably acquired a debt that amounts to nearly \$10,000. This incubus upon the work of the Mission needs to be at once removed and an increased income for the future assured.*

In view of these and other considerations, a campaign in the interest of the Arabian Mission has been launched. Dr. Zwemer, one of the founders of the Mission, has made this campaign the occasion—with others—of a brief visit to this country, and with Dr. Cantine will lead the movement both in the East and the West. The first guns in the campaign are being fired at the Mission Fests now in progress. Then will follow mass meetings, special services at denominational centers, business men's luncheons, personal conferences, etc. It is not expected to prolong the campaign beyond the autumn.

The following other members of the Arabian Mission now home on furlough will, with the founders, participate in the campaign:



DR. H. R. L. WORRALL



REV. JAMES E. MOERDYK



DR. PAUL W. HARRISON



REV. GERRIT J. PENNINGS



REV. EDWIN E. CALVERLEY

A special pamphlet and subscription card have been prepared for use in the campaign. The former can be obtained upon request. The latter is herewith reproduced. Friends of the Mission among the readers of Neglected Arabia who are not reached in any other way by the campaign may share in its financial success by sending their gift directly to the Mission, only indicating that it is for the Campaign Fund.

The Holy War in Arabia.

"The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner flames afar
Who follows in His train?"

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary
Thank Offering
for the Arabian Mission

\$25,000

We seek this sum as follows:

7 gifts of \$1,000 each,	\$ 7,000
20 " 500 "	10,000
50 " 100 "	5,000
100 " 25 "	2,500
50 " 10 "	500
227 donors,	\$25,000

What will YOU give or promise to give?

\$25,000 IS NEEDED

1. To discharge the accumulated obligation of the Arabian Mission, amounting to about \$10,000
1. To build homes for several Missionaries, and so stop high rental for unsatisfactory residences.
3. To provide for the reinforcements demanded by the changed political situation and enlarged opportunities of the field.

Contributions may be sent to the

TREASURER OF THE ARABIAN MISSION,
25 East 22nd Street, New York.

What You Can Do for Arabia

REV. JAMES CANTINE, D.D.

NOTE.—The following article, one of three that compose the special Arabian Campaign pamphlet, was written especially for that purpose and has not yet appeared in *Neglected Arabia* as have the other two articles by Mr. Van Ess and Dr. Zwemer.

You stand between the past and the future. It is yours to undo what Mohammed has done for Arabia; to be the instrument in what Christ will do.

There are three things you can do for the land of Arabia. You can *know* it. You can *pray* for it. You can *work* for it.

Of these three prayer is the central, the important factor, without which the other two are aimless, fruitless. But prayer must be preceded by knowledge, and must be followed by action. You must know for what you are to pray; and, having prayed, you must place yourself at the disposal of the Power invoked, and enter the doors of opportunity your petitions have opened.

Now, to know Arabia you must know Islam. You cannot pray for the people of Arabia without mentioning their religion. You cannot work for Arabia without at once coming to grips with this great aggressive faith, guarding, defending, rallying forth from its sacred birth-place. It is a fair illustration, I think, to say that Islam is the Jericho that stands at the entrance of Arabia, forbidding the conquest of that land for Christ. Arabia can never be entered by the soldiers of the Cross without first accounting for this great fortress athwart the way. And, as was the story of the downfall of Jericho, so must be that of Islam. The helplessness of the Israelites is but a picture of the helplessness of all human agencies against that power which for centuries has defied the sword of all Christendom. And not only the sword, but science, learning, argument, example—all together have dislodged but a stone or two here and there in its great ramparts. Hidden behind them the millions of Arabia go on living and dying as if Christ had never been lifted up. It is useless to expect too much of human weapons against Satanic defences, "this kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting." The only agency equal to the task is that seen at Jericho—the voice, the aspiration, the prayers of God's people. *Your* obedient, persistent, sanctified prayers.

But you must *know*. Go out like Joshua alone and view the great enemy; read, listen to all that comes your way. Understand the difficulties, and the necessity for overcoming them. Take account of your own and the churches' helplessness. Learn the lesson of Joshua; that it is God's purpose, not yours; that He, not you, is the Captain of the host; that you are to help Him, not He you. Believe that your prayers

are sanctified by Christ's choice of you as one of a holy priesthood, that you have access to the holy of holies. Have faith and persistence in your obedience to the command to pray—even if daily, or year by year you go round and round the walls without seeing results. But be keenly observant to note any answer, even in part, to your prayers, to see any work of God's hand in opening the way to the assault. That some of the wall is down you will come to know. See to it that the weapons you use, or that he who goes in your place uses—the school, the chapel, the hospital, the Bible-shop, are all kept clean and ready.

If God has already in answer to prayer overthrown some barriers, so that the missionaries can meet the people on their own ground, rejoice; and let these same missionaries know that you rejoice. Fail not in supplying them with the munitions they use; so that no retreat, no cessation of effort be ordered. We on the ground cannot fight on the defensive; that is not God's plan; He will not lead us in that.

This is what *you*, though you may esteem yourself the poorest, most humble of men, may do for Arabia. There are ways for you to know much about this neglected land and its religion. No one may prevail more in prayer with God for its salvation than you. No limit may be placed to the blessing that may accompany your doing what you can.

Arabian Thoughts of a Missionary on Furlough

H. R. L. WORRALL, M.D.

On Sunday morning, while the rain was falling in torrents and we were waiting for service, our thoughts wandered to far off Arabia, where rain seldom falls and the sun is seldom darkened by clouds. And what did we see? A cloudless morning, hotter than tophet—the sea in front of the house at Matrah smooth as glass—the glare of the sun on the water like fire—the boatmen almost in nature's garb—the inhabitants of Matrah, those who have not left for Seeb, seeking a cool place and wishing for a change. I imagine ourselves going to service. Not a ripple on the water to disturb our going or landing. On the Muscat road to the Mission House we protect ourselves as best we can with sunshade and towel, the perspiration is running off fast, for it is difficult to keep dry, early as it is when service is held. Arriving at Mission House we find everything closed and remember that the missionary has gone to Busrah. We turn in our thoughts to the Zenana house, and remember that it is July and Miss Lutton and Dr. Miss Hosmon are probably in India. Again in an instant our thoughts fly to Bahrein—we can almost see Mrs. Dykstra leave the house for the chapel. The others have either gone ahead or will follow. We can imagine Mr. Dykstra in the pulpit facing an audience of missionaries, helpers, and some Arabs, probably patients from the Mason Memorial Hospital. Our spirits then go over to the Mason Memorial Hospital

and we can almost see the patients in their beds on the veranda—possibly some influential Arab with his retinue of followers is among them.

Again, our spirits take flight over the waters to Kuwait and see Dr. and Mrs. Mylrea in their new and comfortable home. The recently completed hospital building near their house is open for all the sick who will enter for treatment. From the hospital we can see steamers as they come into harbor. Oh! how anxious all are for news of the great conflict. Perhaps they get the news now daily, for word comes that a great wireless station is erected at this place. Again, our vision leaps to Busrah; here we see the roads straightened, the khaki suits of British India troops going hither and thither, protecting the city that has been taken from the Turks. The old familiar Turks in the Cus-



THE NEW HOSPITAL AND PHYSICIAN'S RESIDENCE AT KUWEIT, TAKEN FROM THE BEACH
NOTE PROW OF PEARLING VESSEL

toms House and City Hall are no longer visible as one passes by. These places are now closed out of respect for the Sabbath. We think of the missionaries and seem to see them assembled for morning worship, Mr. Barny possibly facing a full audience of British India soldiers, Arabs, helpers and missionaries. Yes, they seem to have finished the last hymn, and the benediction pronounced, they gather outside the door, shaking hands and greeting each other, and as they depart we see them going, some by bellam (small boat pushed along by poles), some toward the Lansing Memorial Hospital, others along the road to Busrah City, and others for places in Magam and up and down the river.

"Come, Doctor, it's time to go to church," and our thoughts return to the realities of dampness and rain, and we start for service.

A Tour of the Bahrein Villages

HALL G. VANVLACK, M.D.

Where to tour is always a difficult question. First there are eliminated the places where we cannot go, then of the remainder we must choose those where a tour would be most profitable in the time at our disposal. This spring, in looking about for an available place, Kateef was eliminated, as Dr. Harrison had returned from there but a short time before. Katar we did not attempt, as Dr. Harrison had but just been turned back from there. So finally we turned to this Island of Bahrein, to see what we could do here. We soon found that there were



LINGA, AN OUT-STATION OF BAHREIN ON THE PERSIAN SIDE OF THE GULF. THE ONLY PLACE IN 1000 MILES OF COAST WHERE THE GOSPEL IS PREACHED. OUR MISSIONARIES VISIT HERE REGULARLY, A BIBLE SHOP IS KEPT OPEN ALL THE TIME

some large villages on the island that were seldom if ever visited by missionaries. So we determined to visit these places, touring with the tent, and with the donkeys as motive power.

The Evangelistic Department sent a man with us to sell the Scriptures, while I took a man from the hospital staff as cook, dresser, and general utility man. On Saturday we packed the tent, necessary bedding, camp equipment, and cooking outfit (a primus stove, two kettles, two washbasins, and four spoons), and last, but not least, we put in the medicines. On Monday after morning prayers we loaded the lug-

gage on the backs of five donkeys. We three mounted on top of the luggage and off we set for Rafah, our first stop some nine miles from Menamah. Here we found the sheikh very cordial, indeed, keeping us one day longer than we had intended to stay there. While there he gave us the use of an empty house and the court, where we pitched our tent. The tent served for a multitude of purposes, as sleeping, cooking, eating and dispensing quarters. We found the people very friendly, too much so at times, as they would be upon us before we had time to get up and make our toilet in the morning, from that time until we went to bed we always had spectators. They all wanted to see how the Nasranees ate and lived.

Rafah is on a high rocky hill in the middle of the island. There is absolutely no vegetation here except in the two small gardens about the two sweet-water wells. These wells are the wonder of the island, for they are sweet-water wells, while all of the other wells are more or less (mostly more) salty. These wells are cut out of solid rock to a depth of 150 feet and they are perhaps 20 feet across. This was a tremendous feat for the Arabs to perform with their simple home-made tools. The deepest well is so crooked that the water can be seen from but one point at the top of the well.

We stayed here four days, preaching and treating the sick, and Mr. Van Peursem also spent two days with us. The sheikh allowed us to preach even in his audience-room and in his presence, and the Gospel sales were very good.

From Rafah we went to Jau, a sea-coast town about 10 or 20 miles from Rafah. Here the people are all pearl-divers and fisher folk. They live wholly by this work. The nearest vegetation is about 8 miles away, and the nearest drinking water about five miles from the town. Here they do not count the size of the town by so many people or by so many houses, but by so many diving-boats. We pitched our tent by the seashore near where the men were repairing their boats and water tanks for the diving season. When I sought permission to pitch our tent and stay a few days, the head man said, "I don't see any sick for you to treat, if God wills there are none. But if you really want to stop here a few days I don't know as it will do any harm." We found lots of illness, both physical and spiritual. We found also much opposition, nevertheless there were many chances to preach the Gospel.

From Jau we made excursions to Askar and Dour, both fishing towns. Dour is the last town on the island to the south. The island extends some miles farther than this place, but the land is barren and absolutely uninhabited. These places have never been visited by missionaries before, except once some ten or twelve years ago, when the natives say that they were visited by Dr. Zwemer. The people here differ but very little from those in other places on the island, still they may be a little more ignorant and fanatical. Here, too, their thoughts are only on pearls and women. We preached and read to them, but I cannot say that our message was received with joy.

Here we were delayed two days, as the donkeys that were to come for us failed to come. Finally, after much bargaining, we obtained some donkeys, rightly nicknamed cats because of their size and strength. They were so very small and weak we had not the heart to ride them, so we walked the three and one-half hours to Zillag rather than to try to ride one of these poor things. The way was stony, barren, and in some places very steep. In the three and one-half hours we saw but one tree and one well.

Zillag we found very receptive but exceedingly ignorant. The people were willing to hear us read and preach, but very few of them could read for themselves. From this stop we called on Sheikh Hamad, oldest son of the ruling sheikh of Bahrein. He is a good deal of a Bedouin as he lives in a house in the desert far away from the nearest neighbor. He was very kind and courteous to us, giving me the seat of honor next to himself. He insisted that we stay and partake of the evening meal with him. We stayed and enjoyed an excellent Arab meal, sitting on the floor and eating off the huge platter with our hands. Both before and after the meal we had many discussions on moral and religious questions.

From Zillag we wished to go to Bedaiah, our next and last stop. We inquired the distance. (In Arabia one does not count distances in miles but by the number of hours necessary to get there on a donkey or a camel.) So one told me that it was half an hour to Bedaiah, another said that it was an hour. We had trouble in getting enough donkeys, so we put our baggage on those that we could get and decided to walk if it was only an hour. We walked one hour and came to a small town. We inquired and were told that we must pass through three more villages, then we would come to Bedaiah. So we walked on two hours, three hours, four hours under the tropical sun, still no Bedaiah. At last, after four and one-half hours, we came to the place. We must have walked nearly fifteen miles that day. Now I am fully convinced that one should take an Arab's estimate of distances with a good quantity of salt. Of course I knew that an Arab does not value time, and it is hard to get them to see the difference between two and four hours.

The Bahranees (Bahrein agricultural class) are noted for their filthiness. I have seen lots of this in our part of the island, but I had a revelation while I was on this trip. In several towns we saw piles of refuse reaching much higher than the buildings. But the climax came while going from Zillag to Bedaiah. At one time we knew that we were coming to a large village, but we could see nothing of it. At last we emerged from the gardens and palm trees, then we saw before us a big hill of refuse. The road lay over the top of this hill. The path was in the middle, with the refuse on both sides as high as our heads. When we reached the top we saw the town before us, or rather beneath us. Now we descended and entered the village. As we came down the hill I saw that a stream of water ran beneath the hill of filth. There was also a mosque partly covered by this hill. At the mosque I saw men bathing and women filling their jugs of this water for their drinking and cooking. Small wonder that they are diseased.

As we came out of this village we had to go up and over another hill of a similar nature. The people are either too lazy to carry this refuse to their gardens or else they have no idea of the value of fertilizers. I am quite convinced that it is the latter.

At Bedaiah we were stoned by small boys and hoodlums, set on us by the more fanatical. However, we suffered no bodily harm. So we returned from the two weeks among the villages very happy. We had distributed a goodly portion of Scriptures, giving many talks, and dispensed a great deal of medicine. We ourselves had gained valuable experience and a store of new Arabic words.

I have just heard a sequel to our trip. At Bedaiah, some one started a story that we poisoned the water before we left that place. So some threw out all of the water of their wells, others filled up the wells and dug new ones.

Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy of India, Comes to Kuwait

C. STANLEY G. MYLREA, M.D.

It was a perfect winter morning that ushered in the last day of January, the sun was shining in the bluest of blue skies and the azure waters of the bay were rippling gently to the caress of a light breeze. All Kuwait was agog with excitement, the beach was crowded with men, women and children of all classes of society, every one awaited eagerly the coming of the great steamer which would bring to Kuwait for the first time in its history a Viceroy of India, the man who in this part of the world represents King George the Fifth, the Emperor of India.

At about 10 A.M. H.M.S. Northbrook steamed majestically into the harbor and dropped her anchor, and almost at once H.M.S. Dalhousie, which had come in the day before to receive the Northbrook, began firing the royal salute of 31 guns. Fitfully and spasmodically this salute was responded to, by the antiquated muzzle-loading guns of Sheikh Mubarek—three guns would be fired almost at once and then there would be a lull for several minutes while the gunners loaded up again. Judging by the manner in which the gunners—a man and a small boy—jumped away from their pieces as soon as they applied the fuse, they did not consider their job altogether a safe one. As a matter of fact these guns do blow up now and again and kill people, but I am glad to say that on this particular occasion the firing of the royal salute was not marred by any accident. In addition to the Northbrook and the Dalhousie, the British India steamer Kasara was also in the harbor, having arrived shortly before the Northbrook. On board of her was Sir Percy Cox, the Chief Political Officer of the Persian Gulf. To complete the scene the Sheikh's yacht, gay with bunting, and H.M.S. Mashona, a small despatch vessel, flitted hither and thither on various errands. On shore the flagstuffs of the British Political Agency and

of the Sheikh's Palace were fully dressed with all the flags they could carry, while on a few of the more important sites of the town triumphal arches had been erected.

The day being Sunday (His Excellency did nothing after receiving a visit of welcome from Sheikh Jabr (the eldest son of Sheikh Mubarek) and Lt.-Colonel W. G. Grey, the British Political Agent of Kuwait, except land in the afternoon and take a stroll out toward the eastern end of the town.

The first official ceremony took place on Monday morning, when at 11 o'clock Sheikh Mubarek visited Lord Hardinge on board the Northbrook. He was accompanied by Sheikh Abdallah of Bahrein, who had come over to represent his father, Sheikh Isa, the Chief of Bahrein. During this visit Sheikh Mubarek was invested by the Viceroy with the order of K.C.S.I., or Knight Commander of the Star of India, Lord Hardinge saying as he made the presentation: "This is a token of regard from the King Emperor in grateful recognition of your loyal co-operation and efforts to preserve order and quiet in his dominions." Sheikh Abdallah of Bahrein was then decorated with the order of C.I.E., or Companion of the Indian Empire, and in his case also the Viceroy accompanied the presentation with a few words of greeting. In connection with this latter order it is interesting to note that the Rev. Dr. James Carruthers Rhea Ewing, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Principal of the Forman Christian College, Lahore, Punjab, India, is also a recipient at this New Year, and in the official gazette of the London Times the names of Sheikh Abdallah and Dr. Ewing occur side by side. The investiture was private, I am sorry to say, being attended only by the political officers of the Persian Gulf and the members of the Viceroy's Staff. After the investiture, the two Sheikhs were received in turn, privately, in the Viceroy's cabin.

At 2.30 P.M. the Viceroy returned the visit, landing at the Sheikh's Palace, on the steps of which Sheikh Mubarek was waiting to receive him, and himself conducted Lord Hardinge to the Durbar Room, his staff of Arabs following in procession. The State Visit lasted half an hour, and coffee, that emblem of Arab hospitality, was served. The viceregal party then changed their clothes in the palace, for they were all in full uniform, and were taken through the bazaar on a sort of sightseeing trip, returning from thence to the British Political Agency for tea. The Sheikh's motor car and carriages accompanied the party, so that the Viceroy might ride some or all of the way should he so wish.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that Mrs. Mylrea and myself were privileged to meet Lord Hardinge. He was resting privately in the drawing-room with Colonel Grey, while every one else was having tea in the dining-room. Like most real aristocrats, he is just a quiet, straightforward gentleman, who never for a moment assumes the least air of superiority over you, but chats with you on equal terms on subjects that he knows will interest you. He asked for our opinion of the Sheikh and the people and then went on to say how much he believed

in medical work in the Orient. He told us how fond of Medical Missions his late wife (Lady Hardinge) had been, and how she had specially interested herself in founding a Medical College for the native women of India. The scheme was already flourishing and he thought would do a great work. He added that he was looking forward to seeing our hospital the next day. In the dining-room we had already met Sir J. H. DuBoulay, K.C.I.E., the Viceroy's private secretary. He asked what mission we represented, and seemed somewhat impressed when told of the strength of the Dutch churches in the United States of America. Another prominent man that we were introduced to was Sir Valentine Chirol, sometime correspondent of *The Times* of London.

On Tuesday morning the Viceroy motored far up the western shore of the bay and inspected the Sheikh's coaling station and the adjacent ground. On his return from this trip he inspected our hospital. It



PERSIANS—ONE OF THE NON-ARABIAN PEOPLES TO WHOM OUR MISSION GIVES THE PRINTED WORD IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE. THEY AWAIT CULTIVATION

was a great pleasure to be able to show him everything. He was especially taken with the operating-room, and said that he thought we had done wonders. He asked if the furniture and fittings of the operating-room were not American, and when I said "Yes," he replied, "I thought so—so simple and yet so good." He wrote in our Visitors' Book: "I wish this undertaking good luck and Godspeed," signing himself, Hardinge of Penshurst. As we left the hospital to walk up to the house, his private surgeon, by whom he was accompanied, Lt.-Colonel Sir J. R. Roberts, K.C.I.E., put an envelope into my hand, saying: "This is a small donation from the Viceroy, Sahib." I afterward found it to contain a check for three hundred rupees, a welcome gift in these

hard times. He did not stay in the house long, but found time to make a few inquiries and to congratulate us on being able to be our own architects, engineers, and builders. H.M.S. Northbrook sailed at 2.30 P.M. en route for Busrah, and thus ended the visit of the Governor-General of India and her dependencies, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst.

This visit undoubtedly marks one more milestone on the road which will lead eventually to the civilization and Christianization of the Arab. Kuwait is now a British protectorate, with all the privileges of a dependency of the British Empire, among which is penny postage to any part of the Empire and halfpenny postage to any part of India and the countries which come under the administration of India, such as Aden, Burmah, Siam, and the Arabian shore of the Persian Gulf and up the Shat-el-Arab to Busrah. It is probable that the Turk will no longer have dominion in our part of Arabia, and with his departure disappears one more obstacle to Christian Mission work. Kuwait no longer flies the Crescent and Star of Turkey, but a plain red flag with the word "Kuwait" worked upon it in Arabic in white letters. The waning crescent of Islam sheds but little light in this country, all is darkness, gross darkness. May the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings, soon rise, never again to set.

On Field and Furlough

REV. EDWIN E. CALVERLEY.

The greatest benefit a missionary to Moslems secures on his furloughs is undoubtedly spiritual recuperation. For the greatest difficulty he meets on his field is spiritual depression. Outside of the Bible and Christian literature he has few or none of the helps to spiritual uplift that he had at home. He has few Christian companions. He has no Classic nor ministerial club to attend. Only once a year he meets all his fellow-missionaries. There are no missionary or evangelistic conventions, conferences or campaigns to help him. He has only a small Christian congregation and no church organizations.

The whole atmosphere of his community is non-Christian. That means that it is sinful. Lying, indecency and immorality are rampant and unrestrained. His Moslem friends are polygamists, degraders of women and untrustworthy. But a Moslem community is more than that. It is not only strong in its own religious faith and practice, but it has a definite attitude toward Christianity. It is anti-Christian. The Moslem not only opposes Christianity with his head, but also with his heart. He has reasons for his own faith and he has revulsion for Christianity. This is the atmosphere around the missionary. An argument in theology is the consensus of Christian opinion. In Arabia the consensus of opinion is definitely and strongly against the missionary.

He meets this opposition from the community in general, and its whole influence is depressing. He meets it on particular occasions, when it is almost overpowering. One night I went with a colporteur to the gathering at the house of the leading mulla or religious leader of Kuwait. There were a dozen of us seated on the roof under the undimmed stars of the clear Arabian sky. We had been there often before and had discussed many of the differences between Islam and Christianity. That night we discussed fundamentals. "Just what do Christians believe, what are the pillars of your religion?" they asked us. And we told them, "God is our Father," and we explained that we meant the term not in any gross or crude sense. In no way was the expression acceptable to them. "God is too exalted, too sublime to have any relationship with human beings," they said. They felt no repugnance at this Christian idea. They only disapproved that God was not more highly esteemed.

"And Jesus Christ is the Son of God," we said. Immediately there was a chorus of dissent and we felt their revulsion of feeling. They exclaimed, "God would have nothing to do with a woman. We men despise women. How could God ever think of one?" The idea, they felt, was insulting to God. And that Divinity should appear in one born of a woman! Then the utmost disgust was shown. The truth most precious to the Christian is most abhorrent to the Moslem. And further, that Christ should have had to die for our sins is most unreasonable to them, for it limits God's almighty power.

We were distressed and deeply hurt that our dear Saviour should be so sadly misunderstood. We tried with the greatest consideration to reason with our friends. We admitted that God would not have gone to such extremes easily, but we maintained that there was no other way to accomplish the great object in view, and said the fact that God was willing to do so showed how necessary it was and how greatly He loved us. We quoted, "God so loved the world," and found that love was not a part of the Moslem conception of God. We brought out reason after reason, to find that they had no appeal. We ended in claiming the authority of Scripture, with its stand for God and righteousness, its facts of history and its fruits in the lives of Christians.

We failed that night to convince them. They promised to read the Bible for its statements about God the Father and Christ, and they were interested in Anselm's "Cur Deus Homo," which we promised to give them in Arabic, but we went home not happy and—shall I admit it?—discouraged.

I returned to my lonely roof and found my comfort in the Fourteenth Chapter of John: "Ye believe in God." Yes, and the Moslems believe with me—not adequately, not comprehensively—but strongly. That helped. "Believe also in Me." It was Christ's own irresistible appeal, and no disbelief or repugnance of misinformed and evil-living Moslems could overthrow the claim of that unique Life. Then I recalled the many evidences God had given of His love and care and the great reality of the peace and hope I had in Christ as Saviour, and I could go quietly to my rest.

The experience gave me a new knowledge of the Moslems' attitude toward our religion, a new realization that only the Holy Spirit can change their attitude toward Christ and a new determination to work patiently and prayerfully for their sakes.

Since coming home on furlough I have appreciated the privileges of worship with multitudes of fellow-believers, in churches that expressed reverence, in tabernacles that allowed enthusiasm. There is a different atmosphere here, one that makes for righteousness and loving-kindness. Preachers here have the tremendous influences of public opinion and social order supporting them. Here evangelists make their plea to those who understand Christ and His claims, they clinch convictions that have long possessed their hearers, they can appeal to sentiments of patriotism, and love of home and family. In Arabia a convert has to fight public opinion. He is boycotted by his former friends. His business is ruined. "Come Home, Come Home," and "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night" are not appropriate evangelistic hymns on the mission field. A family is disgraced if one of them becomes a Christian, a mother has no greater sorrow than to have her child accept Christ, and a father disinherits his son and closes his home against him if he becomes a Christian.

I went to a Rescue Mission in New York City one night. The speaker closed his address with a plea for the acceptance of Christ. Three men came forward. How I wished we could see such results after a single sermon in Arabia! But I learned that one of those three had come to the meeting with the definite purpose to let Christ cure him of the drink habit. A second was an old man, a "down and out," and I marvelled that he should feel the call of Christ. We sang "Just As I Am," and that old man sang all the verses from memory! When missionaries have such foundations to build upon, such knowledge and such acknowledgments to appeal to, then they too may expect such results.

The furlough at home allows the missionary to return to his field with renewed enthusiasm and with strengthened faith for his work.

News and Notes from the Field

The following missionaries have during the last three months left the field for their furlough in America: Dr. and Mrs. Jas. Cantine, Dr. and Mrs. H. R. L. Worrall, Rev. Jas. E. Moerdyk, and Dr. P. W. Harrison. We wish them all the needed rest at home, and a helpful welcome on the part of the churches, and we also ask the churches to remember in their prayers the thinned ranks left on the field.

We are sorry to report the death of one of our converts in Bahrain, Yusuf Yakoob. He was daily growing in grace and knowledge, and his faith was bright and steadfast till the end. It is hard to lose

those who are to be the nucleus of the church of Christ in Arabia, but it is a happy thought that he has joined the church above and is beyond the power of temptation and persecution. Yusuf came to us from Egypt as a convert, and for a while he was employed as a colporteur. Satan conquered him for a time, but Christ brought back his own, and the last half year of Yusuf's life was a continuous testimony to the power of saving grace.

Busrah station mourns the loss through Bubonic plague of a valuable Bible woman, Jasmin, who has served the Mission faithfully for many years.

In Bahrein Islands the Bubonic plague has claimed many victims this year. Instead of the disease beginning in the spring, as is usual, it began at Christmas time, and has continued till June. Menamah, the place where the missionaries live, was not severely visited, but other places on the Islands lost many lives. In Moharrek, where the ruling Sheikh is supposed to have kept the mortality statistics, not less than 5,800 died of the plague. One rather hopeful sign of the present siege of plague is the fact that thousands of people submitted to inoculation. Up till a year or two ago this was considered highly sacrilegious, as their fatalism would not allow them to use any preventive measures. It is also valuable to have the Arab's confession that not a single instance can be proven where a person inoculated in due time later came down with the plague. The mission doctor was asked to inoculate practically all of the Sheikh's household, women as well as men, and the example set by the Sheikh was followed by a great many of the people.

The Boys' school in Kuwait shows signs of progress, and the night school also seems to meet an existing need. Both schools have suffered during the summer owing to the diving season, as well as to a levy of soldiers made here to go to the assistance of Sheikh Khazal of Mohammedah.

In consideration of the valuable services of the Lansing Memorial Hospital at Busrah in caring for the wounded prisoners of war the Indian Government has made the hospital a gift of Rs. 10,000 (\$3,330.00). Just as the last wounded of the first battles were leaving the hospital another severe battle was fought near Busrah, and for a second time the hospital was filled with wounded Turks and Arabs.

About June first Rev. F. J. Barny left Muscat for Busrah to spend the summer at the latter place, and incidentally to help carry on the Evangelistic work of the station, left vacant by the departure of Dr. Cantine.



JAMES CANTINE

J. G. LANSING

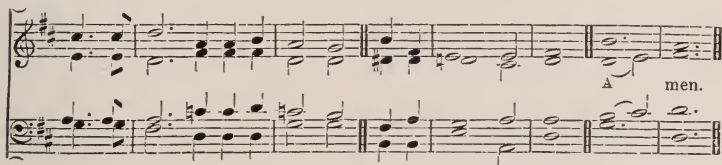
S. M. ZWEMER

THE FOUNDERS OF THE ARABIAN MISSION

AS THEY APPEARED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. THE CENTRAL FIGURE, PROFESSOR LANSING
OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, WAS NEVER ABLE TO GO
TO THE FIELD AND HAS SINCE DIED

The Arabian Mission Hymn

ESTHER CHALLIS



There's a land long since neglected,
There's a people still rejected
But of truth and grace elected,
In His love for them.

Softer than their night winds fleeting,
Richer than their starry tenting,
Stronger than their sands protecting,
Is His love for them.

To the host of Islams leading,
To the slave in bondage bleeding,
To the desert dweller pleading,
Bring His love to them.

Through the promise on God's pages,
Through His work in history's stages
Through the Cross that crowns the ages,
Show His love to them.

With the prayer that still availeth,
With the power that prevaileth,
With the love that never faileth,
Tell His love to them.

Till the desert's sons now aliens,
Till its tribes and their dominions,
Till Arabia's raptured millions,
Praise His love of them.

Books You Ought to Read

Arabia—The Cradle of Islam

Revised and brought up to date \$2.00 net

S. M. Zwemer, D.D., F.R.G.S.

The Moslem Doctrine of God

50c net

S. M. Zwemer

The Moslem Christ

\$1.00 net

S. M. Zwemer

Books for the Children

By Samuel M. & Amy E. Zwemer

Zig-zag Journeys in the Camel Country

Arabia in Picture and Story \$1.00 net

Topsy Turvy Land

Arabia Pictured for Children 75c

These books may be had from the Board of Publication
25 East 22nd Street, New York

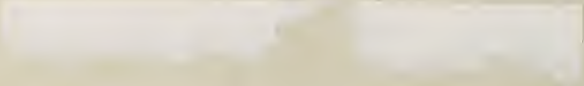
The one magazine that will tell you all you should know about Islam and the progress of Christian Missions in Moslem lands, is *THE MOSLEM WORLD*, issued quarterly at \$1.00 per annum. Subscriptions are received in New York by *The Arabian Mission, 25 East 22nd Street.*

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